Enter Catesby with Hastings head.

Cat. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and vnsuspected Hastings.
Glo. So deare I lou'd the man, that I must weepe:
I tooke him for the plainest harmelesse man,
That breathed vpon the earth a Christian:
Looke ye my Lord Maior:
Made him my booke wherein my soule recorded
The Historie of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of vertue,
That his apparant open guilt omitted:
I meane his conuersation with Shores wife,
He laid from all attainder of suspect.
Buck. Well, well, he was the couertst sheltred traitor
That euer liu'd, would you haue imagined,
Or almost beleeue, wert not by great preseruation
We liue to tell it you? *T*he subtile traitor
Had this day plotted in the councell house,
*T*o murder me, and my good Lord of *G*loster.
*Maior. W*hat, had he so?
Glo. What thinke ye we are *T*urkes or *I*nfidels,
Or that we would against the course of law
Proceed thus rashly to the villaines death,
But that the very extreame perill of the case,
*T*he peace of England, and our persons safetie
*I*nforst vs to that execution?
Ma. Now faire befall you, he deserued his death,
And you my good Lords both, haue well proceeded,
*T*o warne false traitors from the like attempts:
I neuer lookt for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with mistresse Shore.
Glo. Yet had not we determined he should die,
Vntill your Lordship came to see his death,
*W*hich now the longing haste of these our friends
Somewhat against our meaning haue preuented,
Because my Lord, we would haue had you heard
*T*he traitor speake, and timerously confesse
*T*he manner, and the purpose of his treason,
*T*hat you might well haue signified the same

Vnto